ODE

TO THE

KING,

On His Return from

IRELAND.

17. Sept. 1690

By *THO. SHADWELL*, Poet Laureat, and Hiſtorio-grapher-Royal to Their Majeſties.

WElcome, thrice Welcome, Sir, from all the Harms,
The rough *Fatigues*, & threatning Dangers paſt,
To your *Britannia's*, and *Maria's* Arms;
By each alike with *Eager Joys* embrac'd.
Both equally did for your *Abſence* Mourn,
And both alike Languiſh'd for your *Return*.
For whereſoe're abroad in Camps y' appear,
We not for Us, but for your *Perſon* fear.
In your *Great Breaſt* ſo much does *Valour* burn,
You urge ſo home, ſo much your ſelf expoſe,
Your Courage does affright your *Friends*, as well as *Foes*.

Your Troops, when charg'd to March by your Com-
Astonish'd with Prodigious Wonder stand, (mand,
To see the Crowding Bullets fly
At unregarding Majesty;
While their *Great Leader* is concern'd no more
Than at some gentle and refreshing Showr.
But soon they Recollect, are soon Inspir'd
To act such Deeds as He alone can teach:
By his unparallel'd Example fir'd,
They press towards That which they can never reach.
You not alone your *Troops* Command, but show
What you wou'd have 'em *Bear*, what *Do*;
Who, with Amazement, find all first Perform'd by *You*.

Most with Impatience Toil, and *Hazards* bear;
Some grieve at *Wounds*, and apprehend each *Scar*;
But your *Vast Soul* alone *Enjoys* the *War*.
Not the fierce *Lover* shows more chearful haste,
Meeting the beauteous Nymph to be Embrac'd,
As the Reward of all his Service past;
Than you to joyn in *Battle* with a Foe:
So much your Mighty Mind does *Glory* prize,
In your erected Look fierce Joy you show,
And kindled *Virtue* flashes in your Eyes,
While you all *Hazards*, *Wounds*, and *Death* despise.
You to your Dangerous *Wound* would give no rest;
You wou'd not be at leisure to be Cur'd:
The pain of which found room in every *Breast*,
Unfelt by you alone; or else endur'd
With that *Great Temper*, and that *God-like Mind*
Which in your *Sacred Breast* alone we find.

That *Wound*, at which th' Astonish Muse
Aid to all Numbers, did refuse.

A *Wound*, which deeply pierc'd each *Gen'rous Heart* :
Which your Three *Kingdoms* tenderly did feel ;
A Blow, which made all injur'd *Princes* ſtart,
And all the *Great Confederacy* Reel.
The only *Holy League*, that e're was made,
A *League* oppreſs'd *Mankind* to free
From the moſt Barb'rous Foe did e're Invade
With *Sword*, and *Fire*, and *Treachery*.
But Heav'n of you took ſuch peculiar Care
That ſoon the *Royal Breach* it did Repair,
And ſav'd your *Great Allies* from all Deſpair.
And now through all the *League*, in every Heart
Your Vig'rous Influence does it ſelf exert ;
You, like the *Soul*, are *All* in every *Part*.

When Coz'ning *Fame* did the falſe Tidings ſpread
Through *France*, That our *Naſſau* was Dead ;
The Great *Faux Brave*, void of all Shame,
Loudly to *Europe* did Proclaim
How much he did your *Sacred Perſon* dread :
By the moſt Barbarous, and Abject ways ;
Such as the *Turk*, or *Tartar* ſcorns to uſe.
Thus, thus he did your Awful *Valour* praiſe,
And his own *Fear* to all Mankind Accuſe.
Who in his mean, and *Savage* Joys muſt find
More of a *Woman*, than a *Hero's* Mind.
Who, with no Decence, then his Joy cou'd bear,
With no ſound Temper can Support his Fear,
(Tho Bullets he reſolves not to come near)
When you, Sir, at the Head of this *Great League* appear.

Now, ſince ſo many, and ſo great Affairs
Employ your *Royal Mind* with Cares ;

And you the mighty Weight *alone* Sustain,
Your happy *Subjects* you with *Arms defend*,
Instruct with *Manners*, and with *Laws amend*;
I, from *Mankind*, cou'd no Indulgence gain
If, from the *Public Good*, you longer I detain.
Welcome, *Great Prince*! from Toils, and Arms,
To soft *Maria's* Beauteous Charms:
Who in your Absence *Reign'd* so well,
And did so much the *Virgin Queen* excel,
No more shall we old Tales of our *Eliza* tell.
VVelcome, *Great Sir*! to fill your *Brittish* Throne:
Brittain, with Justice, you may call your own;
VVhich to a Mighty Kingdom you advance,
From a poor Province, to Insulting *France*.

FINIS.

Books Newly Printed for *James Knapton*, at the *Crown* in St. *Paul's-Church-yard*.

A Congratulatory Poem on His Highness the Prince of *Orange's* coming into *England*. *By Tho. Shadwell.*

A Congratulatory Poem to the most Illustrious Queen *Mary*, upon Her Arrival into *England*. *By Tho. Shadwell.*

An *Ode* on the Anniversary of the King's Birth. *By Tho. Shadwell.*

The Squire of *Alsatia*. A Comedy, Acted by Their Majesties Servants. Written by *Tho. Shadwell.*

Bury Fair. A Comedy, Acted by Their Majesties Servants. Written by *Tho. Shadwell.*

The Fortune Hunters, or, two Fools well met. A Comedy, as it is Acted by their Majesties Servants. Written by *James Carlile*

The True Widow, a Comedy, as it is Acted by Their Majesties Servants.

The Widow *Ranter*, or the History of *Bacon* in *Virginia*. A Tragi-Comedy, acted by Their Majesties Servants. Written by Mrs. *A. Behn.*